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AN OCTOBER WALK.

THE lake I love is a homely level of water embosomed amid trees and content to mirror the sky, but it is the dearest in the world to me, for it is the shining face of a familiar friend. The curving path that leads me round its verge is a resting-place of which I never weary. Here I have pursued the silvan spring and loitered with languid summer; I have romped with the merry autumn gales, and fought many a rough and healthful battle with the keen north wind; and to-day I tread the path, carpeted with a prodigal wealth of fallen leaves—tenderly, because I love it; it is akin to me, for am I not also earth from the bosom of Mother Nature? Here I have followed the procession of the Seasons, feeling that I was the invisible ghost, and they the tangible reality; and I have tasted of Nature's secret elixir of life, finding in the precious draught an existence of joy vague and unexplainable, yet real and boundless as this brisk October wind.

Nature's ways—her revelations are endless; familiarity with her breeds no contempt, for she is ever the leader and the wonderful revealer; although she seems so near, she is for ever beyond our reach; as far as we are capable of going, she will lead us, but still above us there will shine virgin heights unscathed.

The secret of Nature's influence is—peace. I feel it the moment I open this little green gate which leads to the lake. The 'click' of its latch is a fairy talisman, changing the shoes in which I have come through the world's mire into rarer slippers of glass than ever Cinderella wore. No worldly dust can defile my feet here, for this is the silent home of pure tranquillity. I turn down past the yews, where, in the spring, a wren had her nest. I used to pull down the sombre screen of boughs that concealed the mossy structure, to observe the little brown creature, who sat on her eggs—in spite of my approach—with a trembling courage that amazed me. She would even let me touch her shrinking wing,

but she would not fly away; and one day, when I was over-persistent in my attempts to gauge the depths of her courage, she turned upon me a pathetic look that made me feel abashed; for I recognised in its timid appeal the mother's instinct, which brought me down to the level of the tiny wren, and made thenceforth her nest as sacred as my home to me.

Now the expanse of the lake lies before me, and my ears are greeted with the monotonous, creaking solo of the coots. The sun is glinting on their white under-feathers as they dive into the shining water; and they seem very busy, although somewhat shrewish to my mind, in the management of their household affairs.

Rustling grasses, swaying in the wind, gracefully fringe the brink of the lake; and the bulrushes stand stiff and aggressive among their warlike reeds, with blades grown somewhat rusty now that their fighting days are nearly over; and tall stalks of spotted hemlock are seen beside the seeding umbels of cow's-parsley among the sear and rustling sword-grass. The mellow sunshine seems to radiate from this group of horse-chestnut trees, now resplendent in golden autumn tints, and dropping jagged nuts among the dewy grass; the wind, too, has a special delight in the radiant group, and tosses about the golden fans in a frolic, whirling them from the trees far along the russet path. Light and motion and beauty are visible here, and something more, for to me the horse-chestnut tree has always appealed as specially symbolic in Nature's language. The alphabet of an unknown or lost tongue is visible among the branches, for these are indented at intervals with the semblance of a tiny horseshoe, studded with nails of the mystical numbers five or seven; and these figures are again repeated in the finger-like points of every leaf. I wonder if the Druids knew it? To them, it would have been a sacred tree.

How different is the autumnal from the summer sunshine! The latter is high and clear, with a colourless brilliance which cannot be tolerated out of the shade; but mellow autumn throws

a veil over the sun's face, so that man may gaze upon the splendour and yet live. A weasel crosses the path, arching its cruel neck. I can distinctly see its tusk-like teeth. It is hunting for rabbits; but, at my approach, it hides among the grass near the water, and I walk quickly past the lurking evil. A robin comes out of a rhododendron bush and hops quietly before me, pausing now and then to sing a little sibilant note of pleasure; and I follow his sober route gladly, for he is an old acquaintance. In this little harbour beneath the firs I have kept many a wintry tryst with him. The icicles hung then round the sloping eaves, the low red sun shining upon their fantastic forms, and the snow lay deep and crisp; but I brought my dole of crumbs regardless of the woful (unfulfilled) predictions of fireside folk; and now I am rewarded by this steady friendship with robin, of which I am so proud.

This aisle of brilliant beech and mottled elm is the loveliest part of my walk. The sudden sunshine strikes with a white radiance upon the silvery pillars of the beeches, and the bright copper hue of the leaves upon the overhanging branches is reflected far upon the rippling lake—a medium which does not quench but rather intensifies the glow. The swan—surely the ‘oldest inhabitant’ here!—is floating in lonely majesty through the reflected autumn tints, a white speck upon the burnished mirror. The breeze is whirling the beechmast along the path before me; and skirmishing companies of brown crackling leaves are rustling away in wind-driven flight, emitting a whistling metallic sound as they flee. A squirrel comes tumbling along the sunlit way, like a ball of autumn leaves which has suddenly become possessed of life. Now there are two, chasing each other in a spiral progress up the trees with a curious gurgling sound like unctuous laughter. What a mad and rigmarole scamper! Now they glide up the smooth gray beeches, their tails being seemingly superfluous encumbrances; but, with a sudden spring, they turn them into wing-like balances, and disappear within the branching screen of an elm.

This windy whirl of hurrying clouds, of sudden sunshine, of scattered leaves and flashing squirrel-flights, imparts to me a portion of the universal buoyancy of motion. I, too, participate in the brisk alacrity of this October day; for the wind has a note for me, and the sparkling water a smile. This is the place of my thoughts, the abode of the spirit of Nature, the path of moral and spiritual growth, the treasury of beneficent counsel. The temperate light of the sky, gleaming far above the swaying boughs, marks only the limit of the physical eye, for the soul that looks out of it owns no limitations; the spaces which it traverses are boundless, though still it abides within the veil of man's visible frame.

Still I follow with unwearied feet the silvan curve of the lake, passing beneath stalwart oaks not yet at the zenith of their autumn splendour,

but bearing here and there a broad daub of orange or crimson amid the green clusters, as if Nature, like an artist, were groping for her key of autumnal colour. The path becomes mossy now, and broadens into an orchard-like beauty of gently sloping knolls, crowned with ancient hawthorns; and the lake, which is near its source, is almost hidden amid a tangled mass of water-weeds and grasses. A faint blue haze hangs before the distant upland trees, which seem to crouch together before the wind. The haws are ruddy on the almost leafless thorns, and many a nest, deserted now and sodden, is made visible. Here is one that belonged to a pair of chaffinches or ‘shillfash’, snugly placed in the very heart of a bushy hawthorn. The blithest bird in Raith sang on these branches; he was always singing to cheer his patient mate within the nest, hidden then in a rosy cloud of hawthorn blossom.

Upon the sward beneath the hawthorns the dew still lingers, begemmed with diamonds the scalloped leaves of the green ladies'-mantle, which grows here in great profusion; and amid the russet blaze of the bracken there twinkles a network of filmy gossamer. The azure harebell, the last of the flowers, trembles on the verge of the fern; and a few belated blossoms of the red-campion still flaunt their tawdry charms.

I have now reached the rustic bridge, beneath which wimples the nameless burn that feeds the lake. It is a tranquil little streamlet, not much given to indulge in stormy moods; but to-day it is brown and foam-flecked by recent heavy rains. I always pause to look down into the stream; and when the water is clear, if I take care that my shadow does not fall upon the shining surface, I can see the trouts gliding about, and the long black eels winding their slippery way among the stones at the bottom. This is a favourite haunt of the birds, which are ‘tipping’ and flirting about the brink of the singing water.

But now I come to a sombre bit of my walk, where yews stand sentinel on either side, their gloom made more apparent by the gleaming waxen red of their green-stoned berries. In the leafy summer-time, I incline to despise these evergreens; but the robins and the starlings love them when the trees are bare; and the wind-harassed leaves find a quiet grave beneath their spreading boughs. I get a glimpse of the lake once more as I emerge from the shade and pursue my way past a grove of tall firs, whose heads are lost in a dusk obscurity. Here the nettles grow rank amid fallen cones and brown fir-needles; and from out the dim recesses a pheasant calls, while another rises almost at my feet, flying heavily away with a startled ‘whir!’ the lovely green lustre of its neck plainly visible.

Beneath some straggling rhododendrons, a semi-circle of clammy fungi has sprung, forming the half of a ‘fairy-ring.’ One can fancy the dainty figures of the woodland elves seated beneath those grotesque umbrellas, their romantic reign marking an epoch in man's progress, when, having survived his first blind terror of Nature's primal forces, he sought to express, in the quaint forms of fairies and other woodland spirits, the mysterious feeling of kinship with Nature which was slowly awakening within him.

Now I pass the thundering waters of the sluice which relieves the lake and sends the surplus flood to turn the miller's wheel; and I pause for a moment to gaze upon the wonderful tints of the beeches across the reflecting lake. I reach a veritable 'crooked corner' where two laburnums being intertwined in their pliant youth are dragging each other to a crabbed and certain doom. These are the victims of man's caprice, for Nature would scorn to perpetrate such a fraud upon beauty. I stoop my head, and hurrying past the unlovely sight, I come upon the pathetic remnant of a once graceful birch, now the prey of a wandering parasite, for the ivy's fatal beauty festoons the barren trunk, which, slanting far into the lake, seems to anticipate its grave. By its side a gaunt and piebald sister-birch droops forlorn branches; and a gnarled oak stretches one long, dying arm towards the rippling, living lake. Truly they form an enchanted group! They look like human beings transformed into this uncouth guise by some grimly humorous witch of yore.

But my leisure hour has almost fled, and I must hurry on between yews and hollies and lustrous rhododendrons, startling many a black-bird from its quest for food among the fallen leaves. I pass the rustic wooden house bearing the sign of two curling-stones, and familiar to the ardent lovers of the 'roaring game,' and now once more I reach the little gate. I open it, and turning, take a last look along the vistas of the trees. I close it again with a lingering touch. 'Shut, sesame!' I whisper, 'and guard my boundless treasure!'

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—A REPETITION.

ONE Sunday when Richard Cable was at home, after he and his children and mother had dined, he said: 'Now, my dears, we will all go out and walk together, and see the place where my new house shall stand with seven red windows.'

Then the little maids had their straw hats, trimmed with blue ribbons, put on, and their pinafores taken off, and they marched forth with their father on the road towards Rosscarrock. It was winter, but mild and warm; and the sun shone; red beech and oak leaves lay thick in the furrows and sides of the road, and under the ash-trees the way was strewn as with scraps of black stinging. The leaves had rotted, leaving the mid-ribs bare. The starlings were about in droves, holding parliament, or church, or gossiping parties. The holly, grown to trees in the hedges and woods, was covered in the hedges with scarlet berries; but bare of fruit in the wood, where the shadow of the oaks and beech had interfered with the setting of the flower.

When Cable came to the coveted spot, whom should he see but Farmer Tregurtha! In fact, from his house, Tregurtha had heard the chattering of the little voices in the clear air, just like the chattering of the starlings, and some one had said

to him: 'Uncle Dick be coming along wi' all his maidens.' Then Tregurtha had walked across the fields to meet him.

Among the Cornish, any old man, or man past the middle age, is entitled Uncle. Now, Richard had not attained the middle point of life; but the St Kerian folk did not know his age, and thought him older than he really was, partly because he had so large a family, but chiefly because his trouble and his gloomy temper had given a look of age beyond his years.

Things had not gone well with Tregurtha. He had been engaged in a long lawsuit with Farmer Hamlyn about a right of way, and had lost, it was whispered, several hundreds of pounds, because he was so obstinate that he carried his case by appeal from court to court. Cable knew this very well, and would not have been the Cable he had become if unready to profit by it.

'Hulloh, uncle!' called Tregurtha. 'Glad to see you home again, and in the midst of your stars, as the sun among the seven planets.—Ah! folks always say that children bring luck, and a seventh maid is born with hands that scatter gold. Luck has hopped off my shoulders and lighted on yours.—Have you still a fancy for Summerleaze?'

'Where law is handled, luck leaks out,' answered Richard Cable. 'Come into the road, and we'll have a word together.' Then he bade the seven little girls hold hands and walk on beyond ear-shot.

They were some time together; but before they parted, Cable had agreed to purchase Summerleaze and to give for it a hundred and fifty pounds. Tregurtha was glad to get that price for it. Thus it was that the land became Cable's, and the first step was taken towards the fulfilment of his dream and the realisation of his ambitious scheme. But he was not yet prepared to build; for that he needed more money.

Once again he was at Bewdley, and he went there with the determination of seeing Josephine, without allowing her to see him; but when he was there, some indistinct feeling held him back, and he went away without having caught sight of her; but he had made inquiries concerning her of his landlady, Mrs Stokes, without appearing to interest himself especially about her. No sooner was he away, with his face turned homewards, than he regretted his lack of courage, and made a fresh resolve to see her.

And now that he was possessed of land, he became more eager after money and more adventurous in his speculations. He was never at rest. He denied himself the supreme pleasure life had for him—the pleasure of being at home with his children. He travelled over the north of Cornwall, from Bodmin and Camelford to Stratton, and through the poor land from the Tamar to Holsworthy and Hatherleigh, buying stock and sending it off. He purchased all the calves he could in the dairy country and sold

them to the stock-rearing farmers, and the money was never idle in his pocket; he turned it and turned it, and it multiplied in his hands.

Then Cable went to Mr Spry, the mason, and ordered him to build the house. 'I will have it a long house,' he said. 'The ground rises so sharp behind, that it cannot be more than one room deep, and so I will have seven red windows up-stairs—three on one side and three on the other, and two below to right and two to left and two shams, and over the door in the middle a window. That will make seven windows in the front up-stairs and four below; and on one side of the door shall be the dwelling part for me and my children; and on the other side of the door shall be the kitchen and back-kitchen; and there shall be a great sort of lobby and hall in the middle, where the children can romp of a rainy day; and because the land falls away so rapidly in front, there must be a flight of stone steps up to the main entrance.'

When this was settled, away went Richard Cable again, and now he went to Bewdley, and as he travelled he thought: 'I should like *her* to see my land and my house that I am building, and how I am going to make myself a gentleman and all my maidens to be ladies, with no help from her, all out of my own work with my head and hands.'

In this frame of mind he arrived at Bewdley, but without having come to a decision whether he would see her or not. Perhaps, some day, when Red Windows was finished, he would have a large photograph taken of it, with the colours put in, green for the trees, and red for the windows, and send it to her by post. When she saw the picture and read under it, 'Red Windows, the property of Mr Richard Cable,' then she would learn how great and rich a man he had become, and how he throve when separated from her.

He was at the Bewdley tavern again, and he looked at Mary Stokes, and told her mother that the girl was growing into a fine little woman. 'Down in the west where I am,' said he, 'there are no girls, only maidens. If you speak of a girl, they either don't know what you mean, or think you mean something insulting. I suppose, now, in a little while you'll be thinking of getting Mary a situation in the great house? What will she take to?—housemaids' work or the kitchen? The nursery is out of the question, where a baby's voice has not been heard for over half a century.'

Mrs Stokes shook her head. 'No, Mr Cable, my little girl don't go there.'

'But why not? You're a tenant under the lady.'

'I shouldn't wish it,' said Mrs Stokes mysteriously. 'I don't mind saying as much to you, as you're a stranger, and can't or wouldn't hurt me with Mr Vickary or the old lady—but, I can't afford to send my Mary there.'

'Can't afford! Is it like an appointment in the army, more cost than gain?'

Mrs Stokes again shook her head. 'You see, Mr Cable, things in that house ain't as they ought to be; and I wouldn't have my child there not for a score of pounds. The old lady, she's good and innocent, and thinks she'll make all the world about her into Christians; but,

Mr Cable, that house is not a Christian household outside of her sitting-room.'

'What do you mean?' asked Richard, uneasily working on his chair.

'I don't mind saying it before you, because you're a stranger, and wouldn't hurt a fly, let alone me; but Mr Vickary is a bad lot, and he leads the old madam by the nose. Bless you! if it was only picking and stealing, I'd shut my mouth and say nothing, for what is riches given to some for, but that those who haven't may help themselves out of their abundance! But'—she began to scrub the table—'there be things go on there, or is said to go on, that would make decent mothers shy of sending their servants into that house.'

Richard's face became red as blood, and his hair bristled on his head. If Mrs Stokes had looked at him instead of looking at the table she was scouring, she would have been startled by his face.

'Why, Mr Cable, when you come to think of it, it is wonderful what a lot of evil is done in the world by them as intend to do good—I do in truth believe, more than by the out-and-out wicked ones. And I take it the reason is, your well-intending people begin their bettering of others by taking leave of common-sense themselves.—There comes Mr Polkinghorn; don't say nothing of all this to him.'

'How do you do, Mr Cable? How are we, Mrs Stokes?' asked the pleasant footman entering, rubbing his hands. 'A little frosty to-night. I shall be glad of brandy-and-water hot, please, and sugar.—How go the calves in the van, sir, and the kids at home?'

'And how is my namesake, Mr Polkinghorn?'

'Oh, the lovely Cable!' He shrugged his shoulders. 'I don't think she'll be much longer with us.'

'What—dying?' The colour deserted Richard's brow.

'O dear, no! Very far from that—a little too much alive, that is all.'

'I do not take your meaning, Mr Polkinghorn.'

'I have a tendency to cloudiness,' answered the flunky. 'I have generally been thought a wag.—Thank you, Mrs Stokes. This is real cognac, I hope, and the water boiling?' Having been satisfied on this score, Mr Polkinghorn poured himself out a stiff glass. 'The cold settles in the stomach, Mr Cable,' he explained.

'What about my namesake?' again asked Richard, whose face was serious, and who sat with his hand to his head, looking across the table at the footman.

'Oh, as to Miss C.—we'll use initials, and that obviates the chance of giving offence—she's a high-flyer.'

'She is proud and disdainful, you mean?'

'That she is. But that is not what I allude to.' He took a pipe and filled it with tobacco. 'You see, my dear sir, we've had our captain staying with us.'

'Who is your captain?'

'The old woman's nephew, Captain Sellwood.' Cable's fingers twitched; the nails went into his brow.

'I don't myself give credence to all I hear;

but there's a talk that the lovely C. is setting her cap at the captain. That's a pun, you will understand.'

Cable did not laugh.

The flunky explained: 'I'm a joker.—I don't pretend to say where fact ends and fiction begins,' Mr Polkinghorn went on to say, 'because what I have heard has come from the lips of old V., and old Mr V. can colour matters to suit himself, just as a blancmange can be made pink with a drop of cochineal; or, if you prefer another similitude, he can flavour his facts to his taste, as you can any pudding with ratafia or vanilla. There must be something to go upon, or you can't colour or flavour at all. That stands to reason.—Are you particularly interested in Miss Cable?'

'She bears my name,' said Richard sternly.

'Ah, quite so! I understand the feeling. I myself could not endure the thought of a Polkinghorn doing a dirty act; but—I don't believe a Polkinghorn could so demean himself—the name would hold him up.'

'What is the fact, coloured or clear?'

'Oh, I can't say. V. will have it that Miss C. has been carrying it on with the captain, and there has been a rumpus accordingly; and the old woman has had to interfere, and—I do not believe that she will let the beautiful and fascinating C. remain much longer with us—that is what V. says; but V. has never taken warmly to the C.; she has been short with him.'

Then Cable stood up, and without another word, went out of the inn—he went out, forgetful that he had not his hat upon his head, and he walked hastily in the direction of Bewdley Manor.

How wonderful is man's life! It turns about like a wheel, and he does those things to-day which he did some time ago. But no—not those things exactly. They differ in particulars, but in direction they are the same. His life moves in spirals, ever reverting to where it ran before, but never quite going over the same ground. On one memorable evening Josephine had been in Brentwood Hall, and Richard had run to bring her thence, hatless, coatless, breathless. Now he went, by night, to another great house, also through a park, hatless, breathless, but not on this occasion coatless—there was the difference. On that former occasion, Josephine was the most honoured guest in the great house; now she was the least esteemed servant in this great house.

For many thousands of years men believed that storms blew over their heads, tearing up trees, unroofing houses, flashing with electric bolts, pursuing a direct course. They held that storms never swerved to one side or the other till they had expended their violence. Now we are told that no storm travels thus—they all move in a rotary course; they whirl across the earth and sea like aerial spinning-tops. We have supposed, and we still suppose, that men go straight courses from birth to death; but is it so? Is not the spirit of man a blast of the Great Spirit that sweeps along through life in a succession of revolutions? Do we not find, when we look back at our own past history, that we do again and yet again the same things—that again and yet again we drive in the same direc-

tion one day, and in the opposite on the morrow. I myself, when I shut my eyes and hold my face in my hands, can hear the spirit within me whirling and humming, and eager to sweep me away into some folly that I committed a few months ago, and vowed then I would never commit again.

We think the same thoughts, as we speak the same words, and, alas, tell the same old stories, and crack the same old jokes, day after day, in our little teetotum spin. What an amount of impetus there is in our movement; what a whirl, what a hum we make!—but what a little movement forward in the straight line there is for the vast amount of rotary hurry and noise. On this evening, Richard Cable was doing very much the same thing he had done on another evening, the memory of which still scorched his brain; and he was doing that which he had resolved never to do again. He did it with a difference. We all do our little rounds with a difference. He went this time with his coat on his back; but he was as hot, and as agitated, and as breathless as before.

See what an advance the man had made! He went in his coat; though, I grant, he went this time in his coat chiefly because he had his coat on his back when the impulse started him to go. Still this was an advance, a distinct advance.

Richard Cable stood still when he came to the house. He tried to collect his thoughts and resolve what to do. But the dog in the back-yard began to bark furiously, and its bark distracted him; he could not gather his ideas. He knew that Josephine was in a place which she could not remain in without some taint adhering to her. She was under the same roof with the man who had loved her and had proposed to her; a man of her own class, a man whom she had known for long. Richard put from him at once the thought that she was, what the footman said, consciously 'making up to' the captain; but he was by no means sure that unconsciously she might be drawn towards him.

On that other evening when he had run to Brentwood, he had been unable to gather his thoughts; but he had seen clearly one thing—that his wife ought to be with him in his great trouble; so now, his mind was confused, yet one idea shone out clear through the fog of thoughts—that his wife must not be allowed to remain another night in Bewdley Manor. On that other evening, he thought of himself; on this, he thought of her. Then, he it was who needed a stay; now, it was not he, but she. So, with this one idea fixed in his mind, with his ears full of the noise of the dog barking, and with the throb of the blood in the pulses in his ears, he went into the house. But how he encountered the butler, and where and how he made known what he needed, and how he was brought up-stairs and confronted with Josephine and Miss Otterbourne in the great state drawing-room, that he never was able to remember distinctly. He saw everything about him through a haze, as though smoke were rising, or the carpet steamed like a ploughed field in the morning sun. He saw his wife, but she seemed to him as afar off—as if he saw her through a glass. He made no effort to collect his thoughts; he formed no resolution as to the course he would pursue, but he said: 'I have come for

my wife. Give her up to me. This is no place for her. I insist on her coming with me—at once—wherever I choose to take her.'

Then Josephine said: 'Richard—I will follow you wherever you go.'

ON SOME DISCREDITED NOTES.

STRANDED by the waves of chance on the pages of the scrap-book now before us are a few documents, each once possessing certain value, though now quite worthless, and each telling a very different story from its neighbours. The earliest in date is a bill of exchange, granted at St Helena on the 31st of August 1801, while yet that island was unknown to fame. It is in manuscript, and is addressed, 'To the Honourable the Court of Directors for Affairs of the United East India Company, London;' these 'Honourable Sirs' being requested to pay the sum of fifty pounds to the order of the person named in the bill, 'for the like sum this day paid into your Treasury here.' The paper is clean and in excellent preservation; the writing, including the signatures of the drawers—F. Robson, W. W. Doveton, and James Curtis (?)—as clear as on the day it was written; but all the parties to the transaction, the once powerful East India Company not excepted, 'have had their day and ceased to be.' And the island of St Helena itself, becoming fourteen years later the cynosure of all the eyes of Europe, and remaining for six years more a constant worry to the British authorities, has again retired into its original obscurity. Much has happened since this prosaic piece of paper came slowly Londonwards in some old East Indian.

Most curious is the history attached to the document which we now examine. It is a duly engraved bank-note, issued more than sixty years ago from the works of W. H. Lizars, an Edinburgh engraver. But the name of the bank and the coinage of the note are equally strange to Scotland and to Britain. This note is dated from 'St Joseph;' and it asserts that 'On demand, or three months after sight, in the option of the government of Poyais, One Hard Dollar will be paid to the bearer at the Bank Office here'—'here' being the above St Joseph. The signatures of the manager and accountant are not given, because this bank-note has never been in circulation, and consequently its blanks have never been filled up. But in two places it bears the legend 'Bank of Poyais;' it is embellished with a coat-of-arms, doubly supported by a brace of Red Indians and of unicorns; and down in the left-hand corner stands the announcement, 'By order of His Highness Gregor, Cacique of Poyais.' Strange medley of names! Edinburgh and St Joseph, bank-notes and caciques, suggestions of the ancient Caribs and Rob Roy—all curiously intermingled. How many modern maps will show us the whereabouts of Poyais, and who shall declare the generation of 'His Highness Gregor?'

One may have never heard of this personage, or of his kingdom either, and yet not be very

ignorant. The position of both, however, is sufficiently explained by Anderson in his *Scottish Nation*, who tells us how 'an adventurer of this name, Sir Gregor Macgregor, at one time rendered himself remarkable by his exploits in South America, and particularly by his obtaining the sovereign sway in Poyais, a fertile tract of land on the Mosquito Shore, near the Bay of Honduras, with a capital of the same name. He was originally an officer in the British army, and served with distinction in Spain. In 1816 he was very active in the Venezuelan revolution; and in 1817 he took possession of Amelia Island, on the coast of Florida, then belonging to Spain. In 1819 he attacked Puerto Bello, which he captured, but was soon after surprised in his bed, and obliged to escape out of a window. Some years subsequently he settled among the Poyais, a warlike race of Indians, who had maintained their independence, and having gained their confidence, he was chosen by them their cacique. In this capacity he encouraged commerce, founded schools, &c. In 1824, as cacique of Poyais, he procured a loan in London from respectable houses.' And no doubt both interest and principal were duly paid to these respectable houses—in the currency of Poyais.

It further appears that a book of considerable size, 'chiefly intended for the use of settlers,' was written on the subject of this Poyais colonisation scheme by 'Thomas Strangeways, K.G.C.(?), Captain 1st Native Poyer Regiment, and Aide-de-camp to His Highness Gregor, Cacique of Poyais.' This book, published by Blackwood of Edinburgh in 1822, is entitled a *Sketch of the Mosquito Shore, including the Territory of Poyais*; and it really gives much information with regard to that country, its people, and its products. The suitability of the place as a residence for Europeans, and its capabilities in the way of commerce and agriculture, are dwelt upon by the writer in glowing terms. Nor are his statements without foundation. This Mosquito Territory—in spite of its repellent name—is regarded as one of the healthiest and most productive portions of Central America; and that the founders of Poyais had considered their scheme fully may be seen from Captain Strangeways' reference to 'the opening a communication between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans,' with regard to which he says: 'The practicability of such a measure has never been doubted.' Moreover, although the Highland gentleman with the high-sounding title was doubtless swayed to some extent by vain and ambitious motives, he really had the good of his would-be kingdom at heart. 'The proclamation,' says Strangeways, 'which was addressed to the inhabitants of Poyais by His Highness the Cacique, on leaving that country (dated at Rio Seco the 13th of April 1821), states that His Highness's present visit to Europe is for the purpose of procuring religious and moral instructors, the implements of husbandry, and persons to guide and assist in the cultivation of the soil; and it very particularly mentions that no person but the honest and industrious shall find an asylum in the Territory.' After all, one has no right to assume that the London bankers did not receive payment in full of their advances to the ruler of Poyais; at anyrate, it is quite evident that if he failed to keep his word with them, it was because his

hopeful scheme had failed also. To us, who like to live beneath the flutter of the Union-jack, it seems a matter for regret that this and other attempts at British colonisation in that part of the Isthmus have signally failed.

As notable an attempt as Macgregor's was that of another Scottish adventurer, the famous filibuster Walker, who, thirty years later, tried to civilise Nicaragua proper by force of arms. He, however, aimed at a democratic form of government; and had he acknowledged any superior 'protectorate,' it would have been that of the United States. But all such schemes have quite miscarried; and both of these territories are now under the sway of the native Nicaraguan Republic.

From the consideration of these modern adventures on the Spanish Main, we turn now to matters of a less fanciful order. This worn and tattered guinea-note of 'The Falkirk Union Bank' belongs, since it is dated 1820, to the period of the Poyais settlement; but it does not appeal much to the imagination. One may suppose it to have figured often at the great 'Falkirk Tryst,' as forming part of the purchase-money of a drove of Cheviots or of 'Highland stots,' and as such, to have passed again and again through the horny hands of farmers clinching their bargain over the customary 'gill.' Yet it is not wholly devoid of poetry; for, intertwined along its margin, and again forming a graceful centre-piece in the design, are the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock, with the motto, 'Tria juncta in uno.'

There must be many Americans who still possess specimens of Confederate money, and probably are thus unpleasantly reminded of financial loss. To those, however, who have no such associations, a five-dollar bill, such as the one now under examination, is an interesting relic of the momentous civil war. It is dated 'Richmond, Va., September 2, 1861,' and it promises that 'Six months after the ratification of a treaty of peace between the Confederate States and the United States, the Confederate States of America will pay five dollars' to the bearer of the note. Alas for the hopes of the South! The nearest approach to such a treaty was the surrender at Appomattox Court-house, after which the Confederate States no longer existed. Yet this paper of unfulfilled promises and humbled pride has more of pathos in it than of any meaner feeling. No unprejudiced man can regret the outcome of the great American war; and yet one may be permitted a sigh over 'the lost cause,' if for no other reason than that it was a lost cause. Success has always a touch of the cruel in it; and if the Confederates had been victors instead of vanquished, such sympathy as may yet be bestowed upon their memory might not have been forthcoming in the day of their strength. But, as things have turned out, one thinks of the South not as a league of slaveholders and politicians, but rather as a nation of gallant men fighting sternly against ever increasing odds, and dying hard with their faces to the foe. Above all, one remembers their great leader, the most heroic figure in all that struggle, and the skilful and prolonged resistance which he made up to the very last. It could not have been a wholly bad cause that was upheld by such men as Lee and Jackson, who must ever be regarded as examples of the very finest type of nineteenth-

century Americans. So that even this financially worthless memento of the short-lived Confederacy possesses still a certain value of its own, since it awakens the memory of an heroic era.

THE JULLABAD TRAGEDY.

CHAPTER IV.—THE SAD SEA.

I WALKED out of the room amid profound silence. As I went through the door, I half turned, and saw the colonel wiping the wine from his face with his pocket-handkerchief. I knew at once the consequence of my insane act. The occasion, likewise, was the worst possible one upon which it could have happened. An outrage like that, committed in the face of the station, could not be condoned or mitigated. My career was at an end.

I was on my way to my quarters, when an idea, fitting enough to the frame of mind in which I then was, took possession of me: could it be the case that Mrs Humby was hiding in the jungle? It was possible enough, and quite certain that, if so, she would never live to see the sun rise. I looked quickly back, expecting to see the adjutant following to place me under arrest. I saw no one; and without an instant's further thought, proceeded to devote my last few hours of personal liberty to the forlorn hope of discovering Mrs Humby. Instead of going on to my quarters, therefore, I made by the shortest way to the skirts of the jungle. I have always felt a sensation of awe in looking on an Indian jungle at night, so many agencies of death are silently moving about in its shadows! It may be easily realised what effect was wrought upon me by thinking of this poor fugitive crouching in some thicket there, trembling at every movement of leaf or bramble as the signal of an awful fate. It drove me almost mad; and forgetful of that fear of an Indian jungle which had always been to me a peculiar terror, I plunged into the darkness and began to call aloud her name.

Many a beast of prey I scared from its ambush; the unwonted disturbance of the silence at intervals created a weird hubbub, when I startled a brood of peafowl from their roost, or alarmed a family of monkeys into a state of hideous screaming and chattering excitement. My flesh was lacerated with thorns and brambles, my dress torn to rags, and my voice in time grew faint with vain calling out of her name. At last I dropped to the ground from exhaustion, and the interval brought me time to think. This wild enterprise was worse than useless. If she had fled to the jungle last night, she was dead, or lost, before now. Such searching as this was vain; and with the foolish wish—springing from my impotency to save her on the one hand, and the impending anxieties of my own circumstances on the other—that I were myself dead along with her, came the sudden revelation that I might not in reality be far from a similar fate.

I had been several hours in the jungle, and I could discern through the trees the approach of day. Morbid as my feelings were, a cold sensation crept over me when I began to realise my situation. Where was I? There is no place in the world where one can be so easily lost as in a track-

less eastern jungle. I recalled to mind a certain morning, more than a year before, when I had been through the jungle shooting wildfowl, and discovered, about nine o'clock, when I thought of getting back to breakfast, that I did not know which way to go. At first, I was amused by the adventure; but when, after hours of fruitless effort to discover a landmark which might guide me, I was forced to sit down—as I did now—and consider my situation, my sensations took an entirely different character. I had nothing with me to eat or drink, and I remembered how forcibly the nature of my dilemma was brought home to me by the nervous crouching of my poor dogs at my feet. Every yard I moved they crept close at my heels, as though fearful of losing me. When I climbed a tree from time to time, to try and discover over the dark sea of jungle some guiding landmark, the poor animals watched me from below, uttering low plaintive whines. When, at other times, I halted in my weary tramp, at a loss which way to turn, the anxious, inquiring look of their upturned eyes I shall never forget. It was seven o'clock in the evening before I got out of the jungle, and I need hardly add that my escape was due entirely to chance. I had to keep my bed for three days afterwards.

I had been much longer in the jungle this night, and consequently must be now much further lost than had previously been the case. I had, however, one circumstance in my favour on this occasion, such as it was—the dawning day suggested my geographical bearings, and I knew of course that the jungle lay to the south-east of the station. On the first occasion, the sky was cloudy, and the sun wholly undiscernible through the tangled branches overhead; so I had now one point in my favour, but two against me. I was worn out with fatigue and excitement, and I had no means of discovering from what direction I had come, or what distance.

I will not dwell further on this part of my narrative. It was noon when I got back to the station—a sight I was to create astonishment!—and I had not really penetrated more than a mile into the jungle all the night. I suppose I had been going in a circle the whole time, as lost men are said to do.

I threw off my tattered mess uniform, and replacing it with a suit of *khaki*, I flung myself on my bed. I was weary and thirsty. My bed offered me rest; my servant brought me drink; but neither availed me. I lay for more than an hour, completely broken down and wretched, before any one came near me. Of course I was expecting a visit from the adjutant—who, my servant told me (and as, indeed, I had only expected), had been there already early in the morning—and the clanking of a sword in the veranda outside soon announced his arrival. He halted in the middle of the room, and regarded me a moment with interest, without speaking. I pointed to my sword, lying on a chair in a corner, and said: 'There it is, Clinton; I know that I have finished with it now.'

But instead of going through the form of placing me under arrest, the adjutant came over and sat on the side of my bed. 'I say, Charlie,' he observed, 'you have been making rather a mess of it. Where have you been all night?'

'Never mind, Clinton; it isn't of the least

consequence—I suppose I am to regard myself as a prisoner?'

'Well, no; it isn't so bad as that, old fellow. It's bad enough, though. What possessed you last night to go on like that? And you don't drink. However, it was fearfully unlucky all those men were there. Were it not for that, I believe—between you and me—the colonel would let it pass.'

'What!' I cried in astonishment. 'An act like that—at the mess-table?'

'Even so, Charlie. He was wrong himself, and he didn't take into account your— Well, we all know how deeply interested you were about poor Mrs Humby. But happening the way it did, you know, he can't pass it over.'

'Yet you don't place me under arrest, Clinton?'

'No, not that. But—we are every man of us heartily sorry, you may be sure—you will have to send in your papers. I know the colonel will have some trouble in arranging it for you, but he will do it. You will have to act at once.'

This was my sentence. It was milder than I had expected, but was practically the same thing. Instead of being cashiered by the sentence of a court-martial, I was allowed to cashier myself. Yet in the service there is a difference between the two things; and I could not but acknowledge the colonel's undeserved leniency. I knew well enough that it would cost him something to carry this matter in my favour against the force of official martinets of the staff, several of whom were present when I flung the wine in his face and used to him that language.

'It is very good of the colonel, Clinton,' I said, after thinking it over. 'I have not deserved his leniency. I know I behaved outrageously; but I could not have helped it.—Convey my thanks to him, will you?—And now,' I added, turning out, 'I may as well do what is necessary. It comes to the same thing for me, Clinton, in the end, doesn't it?'

'Nonsense, Charlie; you know it doesn't.'

I shook my head, for I knew that it did. I had a lively grasp of my situation now. Clinton instructed me what to do; and sitting down at my writing-table, I went through that form known in the service as 'sending in your papers,' that is, requesting permission to resign your commission. Along with this, I sent in an application for leave to return to England pending retirement from the service. As I signed these papers and handed them to the adjutant, my career as a soldier was practically terminated. It was necessary that I should leave the regiment at the earliest possible moment; and to facilitate this the telegraph would, as a matter of course, be called into service. Accordingly, I might now set about the work of packing up my traps for England.

It is depressing enough to a young man to be suddenly deprived of a career which he has learned to love; but this was the least of my troubles at the moment. I doubted whether I had money enough to pay my expenses to England; yet this did not much concern me. I was oppressed by other and heavier anxieties.

'Clinton,' I asked, as I gave him the papers, 'has anything been heard of Mrs Humby to-day?'

'Not a word,' was the answer. 'All that was

possible has been done to discover a trace of her, but in vain.

'Does the policeman know nothing—the man who was on duty at her door?'

'Oh, the fellow was asleep. It was then that she disappeared. People begin to adopt Lady O'Reilly's conviction on the matter as the most probable solution of her disappearance—indeed, the only one.'

'What does Lady O'Reilly say?' I asked eagerly.

'That the poor thing's brain became affected by the terrible anxiety of her situation, and that she wandered into the jungle. It certainly is awful to think of, Everest. Yet what else could have become of her?'

What else! In that Indian station, knowing circumstances as they did, this was the only conclusion that was open to them! She had wandered into the jungle—her diseased brain lured by the promise of safety which its shadow held out to her terrors—and there met her fate. Some day, a native, tending the village cattle among its obscure paths, would find and carry to the bazaar a fragment of her dress. That would be all.

I will not dwell longer upon this dark ending to the tragedy. I dwelt upon it those days until I had sunk into a morbid gloom from which nothing could rouse me. I made my preparations for departure, and remained in the precincts of my own quarters—having my meals brought to me from the mess—until the last day of my sojourn in Jullabad. I made my round of farewell calls with a heavy heart, and was disappointed to the verge of grief by discovering, when I came to say good-bye to her, that Lady O'Reilly had left Jullabad. She was gone to Europe, a week or more. The kind word and kind look of that truest and loveliest of women, which I had hoped to take away with me as my only comfort from this dark empire, I was obliged to go without.

It was not until I had got on board the mail-steamer at Bombay and we began to recede from the dark shores, that I was able to turn my mind to the future. With the last sight of the inland hills, I went below and lay down to think. I opened the book of the future, and tried to face the task. It was a hard one. A delicate mother and sister depended mainly on my help for their support; and now my profession—to prepare me for which my mother had practised hard economies which she and Agnes could ill afford—was gone for life. I must seek something else. I must take measure of my qualifications, and push into the struggling crowd of seekers with all my strength; but alas, I might have to wait long and bear many disappointments, and what should *they* do in the meantime?

For the first three days I was too ill to come on deck, and lay in the stifling solitude of my cabin, except for an hour or so in the middle of the cool night. On the evening of the third day I felt better, and went up about ten o'clock. I had no idea up to this time how many passengers were on board, and I saw only some dozen or so lounging about the deck now. There was no moon; but the stars lit up the ocean with a faint shimmer, which was pleasant and restful after the glare of the day. I hung over the side

of the vessel, observing the phosphorescent roll of the water, and passively enjoying the quiet coolness, troubled with no thoughts of this life, as is always the case when one is caught by the influence of nature on sea or shore, when one of the last things I would have dreamed of on that calm luminous Indian Ocean happened to me. A hand lightly touched my arm, and turning round, I beheld Lady O'Reilly!

'I thought it was you, Mr Everest,' she said. 'Have you been ill?'

'Only seasick.—But I thought you were almost in England by this time, Lady O'Reilly. I needn't say I am glad to meet you on this steamer, for it was a keen disappointment to me when I went to say good-bye and was told that you were gone.'

She put her hand on my arm, and I walked along the deck with her. I longed with a morbid craving to talk about Mrs Humby's fate; but Lady O'Reilly avoided the subject; and after two or three attempts, I recollected myself, and returned to it no more. Was it a topic fitting to ask her to dwell upon? And the painful shock to her generous womanly faith which Mrs Humby's flight must have caused was in itself reason enough why I should avoid bringing the hapless woman's fate into our conversation. But suffering is selfish; it was an effort to me to think or talk of anything else.

So Mrs Humby was left in the past. I had no interest in the present, and the future was too dark to dwell upon. Cheerful words Lady O'Reilly did address to me with all the warm sympathetic kindness of her heart; but they awoke no response in me. I soon began even to feel ill and faint, and stammered a confused apology.

'You are ill, Mr Everest. You must lie down, and send for the doctor.' As she spoke, I dropped on a seat, and after looking at me a few seconds, Lady O'Reilly placed her cool hand on my forehead. 'My poor boy,' she said, 'you have fever. Go to your cabin at once; I will send the doctor to you.'

Staggering somehow down the companion-way, I succeeded in reaching my cabin, and flung myself on my bed. The gradual operation of causes long working had come to a sudden climax, and I felt prostrated like one having the heavy hand of death upon him. This was the night of the third day out from Bombay; and it was not until we had passed Gibraltar, and were steaming along in sight of the sunny Portuguese coast, that the consciousness of life again returned to me. The awakening was very gradual. I think I must have been forty-eight hours emerging slowly from the shadow of delirium. The first conscious impression was that of very low, sweet humming behind the curtain which shaded the head of my berth. I felt no interest save that of tranquil pleasure; nor was I surprised when I discovered my companion to be an ayah, as, after a while, she rose, and drawing the white *chaddar* over her head, gave me some medicine. The woman was evidently not aware that the delirium had passed away, and her small dusky hand was very light and cool when from time to time she laid it gently on my forehead.

All the night she remained with me. Sometimes I slept, but as often as I awoke, my

watchful nurse was ready to minister to my wants. She was a young woman—an attendant upon some lady passenger—and so silent and gentle and attentive, that no white-faced Sister of Mercy could awaken a more grateful glow of homage in a patient's bosom than that which I felt warming mine towards this Indian nurse. She deserved it; if her skin was dark, her spirit was that of a ministering angel of light.

In the morning, the doctor came, addressed a few questions to the ayah, and appeared much satisfied with his examination of my condition. An hour or so later, Lady O'Reilly came. I was sensible of lack of strength to speak, and therefore made no sign for the present of being so much better; but Lady O'Reilly whispered in Hindustani with the woman for a few minutes, and then sent her away.

Will it be credited that this noblest of women took her ayah's place as my nurse, and had, as I inferred, been doing so all along? I could hardly credit it myself. But as hours passed, and she sat by my berth reading or sewing, rising at frequent intervals to attend to my wants, I realised it with an access of emotion which overpowered me at last. Her surprise was great when, on withdrawing her hand from my brow, I interrupted the action and gratefully pressed it to my lips. I could not speak; I struggled to do so; and then she placed her fingers again to my lips and with a bright smile forbade me. 'Not a word now—not a word!' she gently admonished. 'You must be a man again, when you see your mother. I am responsible for you, and my orders must be obeyed!'

She withdrew behind the curtain to the ayah's seat, and I closed my eyes and slept for several hours. When I awoke, the ayah was there again—I heard them whispering—but it was Lady O'Reilly who came to me. I felt so strengthened now, that I insisted on pouring my thanks at her feet.

'I don't really deserve one-fourth of your thanks,' was her answer. 'You must give them to ayah, not to me.'

I had not forgotten the ayah. But I thought it strange that when I wanted to thank her too, she shrank still farther back from my sight behind the curtain.

'At least, ayah,' I said, addressing my invisible nurse, 'when we reach England, I will give you a mark of my gratitude to carry back with you.'

'Ayah would be proud of some Regent Street bangles,' observed Lady O'Reilly with a smile.

'She shall have the handsomest I can get!' I answered.

'Very well. Ayah will remember your promise, Mr Everest.—And now,' she added, 'I have some home-news for you; but until the doctor authorises me, I cannot let you have it.'

Home-news? The announcement struck me rather sadly. I had written to my poor dear mother the mail before I left India, breaking the news of my misfortune to her as gently as I could. Knowing what it meant to her and my sister, how could I look for comfort in a message from them? Forgiveness I should have, and abundant love; but ah, so much the harder would the message be to bear!

'The letters met us at Malta,' Lady O'Reilly explained.—'Now I will bring the doctor to see

you; and if he gives permission, you shall have them.—Your mother, I may say, will meet us at Gravesend; and I am going to stay a week or two with you myself—until I leave you quite well.' So saying, she left the cabin.

All this was very mystifying to me, and I could only shut my eyes, and try not to think at all until she came back with the doctor.

Lady O'Reilly was some time longer than I expected. While waiting for her return, full of impatience to obtain that home-news which had been announced to me with such puzzling explanations, I was struck with a sense of ungraciousness towards my silent nurse. 'Ayah,' I said, 'come here.'

She appeared to hesitate, but presently rose. Her face was not a matter of interest to me, and if it had been, it was impossible to see it; her back, as she stood before me, was to the light, and the *cheddar* hung low over her forehead. She 'salaamed' to me with that graceful movement of hand and body peculiar to Indian women, and stood, with her hands folded on her bosom, silently waiting my pleasure.

'Ayah,' I said in Hindustani, 'I am very grateful to you for your services. Only for you and Mem-Sahib, I should have died. My mother will thank you for me when she sees you.'

The ayah bent her slight figure, and again placed her open hand to her forehead in acknowledgment of my words. Then she drew back, to resume her place behind the curtain; but before she did so, I could not resist—nor, indeed, did I try to resist—the impulse to catch her small dark hand in mine and put it to my lips. She took it away with a startled flutter, and quickly retreated to her place. Then the doctor came; and I got my letters, which brought news indeed of a kind fitted for a convalescent to read.

PHYSIOLOGICAL METAPHORS.

LANGUAGE from one point of view may be regarded as fossilised thought. Just as in the strata of the rocks are found remnants of extinct genera and species, so, in our every-day language, words and expressions survive still bearing the almost obliterated traces of ancient and half-forgotten theories. Each record is silent to the untrained eye, but eloquent with meaning to those who have learned to read it aright. In our most logical moods we still employ expressions which imply belief in long-exploded hypotheses. In our calmest moments we use metaphors and similes once instinct with passion, but now part and parcel of the common coin of current thought. We speak of an army being smitten by 'disastrous panic' without reflecting that our epithet implies belief in astrology, or that our substantive indicates faith in the existence of the god Pan. We describe a man as 'jovial' or 'mercurial' in disposition without any conscious reference either to Jupiter or Mercury.

But perhaps the most remarkable series of latent metaphors in our language are those of the physiological type which contain references to the organs and functions of the human body. Few words are more frequently on our lips than 'warm-hearted,' 'cool-headed,' 'good-humoured,' 'ill-tempered.' We talk of 'venting the spleen,' 'a man of that kidney,' 'a keen eye for business,'

'a good ear for music,' 'a silver-tongued' orator, 'a victim of hypochondriasis.' All these expressions, however loosely employed in general, involve a theory, and in most cases the theory is either false or partially inaccurate. This is not surprising when we reflect that such metaphors date from the infancy of human knowledge, when the body and its functions were still sealed mysteries.

First in frequency and importance must be placed that vast range of expressions which refer to the heart as the seat of the soul, and especially of the emotional soul. These expressions are found in the earliest known writings, and have become the commonplaces of almost every nation. We talk of the devices and desires of the heart. The heart of kings is said to be unsearchable. Here the heart stands for the whole nature, 'writ short,' but with reference rather to the natural disposition and the moral character than to the intellectual powers. More frequently, however, the heart stands for the affections and the emotions. The poet Ford calls the heart in express terms 'the seat of our affection.' Shakspeare speaks of the heart 'dancing' for joy, and the expression has become a familiar one. Tennyson, in well-remembered lines, tells us that

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

Especially do we speak of the heart when we are thinking of the devotion of a lifetime. The bride at the altar is said to give her 'hand and heart'—the former signifying her person and fortune, and the latter implying the surrender of her affections.

The following lines express a familiar but always touching sentiment:

The flush of youth soon passes from the face,
The spells of fancy from the mind depart;
The form may lose its symmetry, its grace,
But time can claim no victory o'er the heart.

It is needless to multiply instances of such expressions, as our literature teems with them, and they are constantly upon our lips.

One almost hesitates to profane such sacred expressions with the hint that they are one and all false to nature; yet such is the hard fact. The heart is not the source or seat of the emotions; it is, on the contrary, one of the most prosaic, although most vital, organs of the body. It is simply a hollowed-out muscle, which expands to receive the blood from the veins, and contracts to propel it again through the arteries. It is merely a natural pump, very wonderful and perfect in its structure and mechanism, but still concerned in no higher function than the purely mechanical one of regulating the supply of blood to the various organs of the body. The heart does not feel emotion. It does not warm with love or burn with hate or melt with pity, as the poets have so long assured us, and as so many familiar and popular expressions imply. All these emotions have their seat in the brain.

Yet it is not very difficult to discern why so many nations have instinctively spoken of the heart as the seat of the emotions, not merely without a consciousness of absurdity, but with a firm conviction of the accuracy of such expres-

sions. Though not the source and origin of emotion, the heart is pre-eminently responsive to its influence. It is linked by many subtle cords to the brain; and when the emotional centre there is affected, the heart is the first organ to feel the electric thrill, and throbs and palpitates in ready and responsive sympathy. In this secondary sense the heart may still be regarded as concerned in emotion. It is so concerned, but as patient, not agent; as effect, and not cause. If any one will carefully analyse his sensations when struck with a sudden and overpowering emotion, he will find that the head was first affected, however momentarily, and that the effect upon the heart was subsequent and secondary. Sudden emotion produces a feeling of fullness in the head, slight giddiness, and a transient bewilderment of the intellect—all signs which clearly indicate some disturbance of the brain. The quickened heart-beat and the throbbing pulse are secondary effects, although they may follow after an interval so brief as to be scarcely appreciable.

The suddenness of the emotion is an important element in determining its effect upon the heart. There are some emotions which, although profound, are, from their nature, gradual in their onset, and these leave the heart almost unaffected. Pity may be so deep as to draw forth abundant tears, but it does not cause the throbings and pulsations of an excited heart. The sentiment of awe and reverence may be very profound, as when one gazes upon 'the long-drawn aisle' or 'fretted vault' of some ancient cathedral, or upon the birthplace or grave of some illustrious patriot or poet; or the sense of beauty and grandeur with which one views the Peak of Teneriffe or the rushing waters of Niagara may be so deep as to thrill our inmost nature; but in both these cases the pulse remains quiet. Often when we are under the influence of such emotions, the breathing is more affected than the circulation. We involuntarily hold our breath, and our respirations become soft and shallow. In such cases, it would be as logical to regard the lungs as the seat of the emotions as, in other instances, to ascribe their origin to the heart.

Love powerfully influences the heart's action, as every poet has remarked and sung. The subtle chain of association which makes the heart throb at the distant glance of an eye, the flutter of a dress, the sight of an envelope, the odour of a withered flower, the touch of a tress of hair, were it not so familiar, would justly be regarded as one of the most wonderful facts of our nature. Coleridge says, 'A spring of love gushed from my heart'—an adequate but not an exaggerated figure; and all poetry abounds in similar images.

The opposite emotion, hatred, is also one that exerts a marked influence over the heart. Sudden terror affects the heart most of all, often causing fainting, and, in very rare cases, sudden death. 'Death from fright' is fortunately an event of extreme infrequency, but there is no reason to doubt its possibility. In all these cases, however, it must still be borne in mind that the heart is secondarily affected by the emotion, and is never the source or origin of it. It is like the index on the engine which shows the pressure of the steam. The source of the steam is the water, and the fire

beneath; and the source of emotion lies hidden in the mysterious recesses of the brain.

Many curious expressions are thickly strewn through language and literature referring to the relations of the heart and the emotions. Every one knows the exultant feeling to which Wordsworth refers when he says:

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky.

Another poet addresses his heart, and asks it to inform him why he is so mournful; by which he probably implies that his heart was the source of his sorrow, and therefore responsible for it. Every one knows the oppression conveyed by the words, 'My heart sank within me,' 'My heart died within me.'

The most piteous expression of all is that of the 'broken' heart. The heart is said to be broken when the emotional nature has received a shock from which it seems incapable of rallying, when the feelings are so numbed with sorrow and suffering as to be incapable of responding to any ordinary stimulus. Many, no doubt, use the words in a more literal sense, and employ them to indicate some fancied injury to the structure and substance of the heart produced by sudden loss or overwhelming emotion. It is well to know that such an idea is a pure delusion. The heart does break sometimes, or rather burst (*rupture* is the medical term); but it is a rare accident, and always the result of advanced disease. The sequel is invariably instantaneous death. Death does occur sometimes, although very rarely, from profound emotion; but it is due not to breaking of the heart, but to paralysis of its action. Those persons, therefore, who seek sympathy on the ground of a broken heart are, strictly speaking, impostors, however deserving of our pity on other grounds. Their feelings may have been so cruelly lacerated that they will never succeed in entirely recovering their former elasticity and freshness; but their hearts are physically as sound as ever, and death will not come, however often invited. Grief very seldom kills; but it may induce a neglect of health and a repugnance to the duties of life which may gradually undermine the constitution, and thus lead to a premature decease.

The conventional use of metaphors which allude to the heart as the seat of emotion naturally exercises an almost unconscious influence upon thought and action. Queen Mary Tudor died protesting that the word Calais would be found written upon her heart. The idea that the name of the lost and bitterly lamented town would be literally imprinted upon her body was a mere disordered fantasy; but the particular site selected for the impress was no doubt suggested by some of the physiological metaphors which we are discussing. Actors put their hands upon their hearts when they wish to indicate visibly an excess of emotion. This gesture is now thoroughly stereotyped; but it is probably a false one, due to the same influence of inaccurate metaphors. In real life, people, when powerfully excited, do not put their hands to their hearts. Pressing the hand to the forehead, or bending the head slightly forward, is a more usual and more natural gesture, and correctly indicates the true seat of the emotions.

No other organ furnishes us with the same

profusion of metaphor as the heart. The expressions referring to the head are less numerous and much more accurate, since, from a very early period, the brain has been regarded as the seat of the intellectual nature. 'Cool-headed' and 'hard-headed' do not imply any erroneous theory. 'Thick-headed' probably indicates a belief that thickness of skull is inconsistent with mental capacity—a view that has considerable foundation.

The liver contributes materially to our stock of physiological metaphors. We often use the word 'melancholy,' which means literally 'black bile,' and still points out how a disordered liver was regarded as the source of despondency and mental depression. This idea, although, strictly speaking, inaccurate, as the liver is not the seat of the emotions, and can only influence them secondarily through the brain, possesses more foundation than many similar expressions. There is truth as well as wit in the reply given to the question, 'Is life worth living?'—'All depends on the liver.' The 'jaundiced eye' is another metaphor from the same organ. It probably contains a reference to the rather erroneous idea that persons suffering from jaundice see everything coloured yellow—an occasional but quite rare phenomenon. 'Hypochondriasis,' which means literally 'below the ribs,' also probably contains an allusion to the liver.

The spleen figures largely in metaphor. 'Splenetic' was a favourite epithet of some of the older writers, and 'to vent the spleen' is a phrase still occasionally heard. It is an unlucky expression, because the spleen does not manufacture any secretion, and has therefore nothing to vent; and secondly, it has not the remotest relation to the emotions.

The kidneys are frequently mentioned in the Book of Psalms under the title of the 'reins,' and are invested with various moral and intellectual functions. They survive in modern English metaphor in the single expression, 'a man of that kidney,' a phrase both false and objectionable.

Many of the organs of the body are employed in metaphor in a way that is partly accurate and partly inaccurate. We talk of 'a keen eye for business;' but we know that it is not the eye of the business man that we have most in view, but rather his general intelligence. The 'quick ear' for music which some fortunate persons possess would be of little value if it did not really imply the correlative faculty of musical taste and appreciation, which belong to the brain. The 'silver tongue' of the orator could not be dispensed with; yet the tongue is quite a subordinate organ of speech, and is much more closely concerned with the sense of taste, a faculty which we rather perversely ascribe to the palate alone. We 'tickle our palates' with a dainty dish; but 'tickle our tongues' would be much more correct physiology.

We do not imagine that any conviction, however clear, of the inaccuracy of most of our physiological metaphors would be likely to dislodge them from the secure position which they have so long held in current speech. Metaphorical language is natural to man, and strict accuracy is not likely to be regarded, if force and fervour can be attained. As an American author remarks, it is not truth

we want, but *thrill*. The jolly tar who 'shivers his timbers' would not think the expression less forcible if its literal accuracy were questioned. These expressions are firmly rooted in the language, and it would be mere purism to advocate their entire suppression; but their history is of great interest; and a clear recognition of their general inaccuracy may lead to greater moderation in their use, and perhaps to the discarding of some physiological metaphors which are not merely inaccurate, but coarse and objectionable.

A TERRIBLE TEN MINUTES.

A STORY OF THE MIDNIGHT MAIL.

It happened one afternoon last year, during the month of November, that I received a telegram calling for my presence in London early the next morning on an important business matter. To such a summons there was but one answer possible, so, with just a regretful thought for a card-party I should have to forego, I wired back this reply: 'Mr J. DEVON, Anderton's Hotel, London.—Shall leave Burtown by the 12 to-night, and will call on you to-morrow at 8.15.—KNIGHTLY.' Having despatched my message, I finished off the day's work with all speed, and then returned to my lodgings to make preparations for my journey. These, as the masculine reader needs not to be told, consisted principally of cramming a soft cap and a spirit-flask, together with a few other necessities, into a carpet bag; after which followed the discussion of a substantial meal, and the delivery of an exhortation to my landlady to feed my fox-terrier Grip at his usual hours.

The remainder of the evening was spent in skimming over the morning's paper, wherein I found little to interest me. In disgust, I flung the thing on the floor. It alighted at a graceful angle, on whose apex appeared the heading, conspicuous as leaded type could make it—'Shocking Wife Murder in Burtown—Arrest of the Murderer.' With a mental apology to the publishers of the *Chronicle* for the injustice I had done them as caterers to the public craving for horrors, I picked up the paper and proceeded to digest the 'harrowing details.' The gist of the news was as follows: An abandoned ruffian, Chippy Watson by name, had, after the fashion of his class, beaten in his wife's skull with a mallet, in consequence of some domestic disagreement. Having committed the deed, he coolly put on his coat and hat, and was proceeding to depart, when the neighbours and police, attracted by the screams of the unfortunate victim, rushed in and secured him.—This was all, or nearly all the paragraph contained, except for the usual information that 'the prisoner will be brought up before the magistrates this morning, and charged with causing the wilful murder of his wife.'

It was now past eleven—time for me to make my way down to the station; rather more than time, in fact, since that imposing structure was distant from my lodgings by fully two miles. Fortunately, my bag was light, and I shared in its pleasing characteristic of being unburdened by superfluous weight. None the less, on reaching my destination there was only one minute left me wherein to take my ticket and secure a seat. The

latter operation, thanks to the slowness of the booking-clerk in handing me my change, had to be accomplished by running the gantlet of guards and porters as the train began to move.

No sooner had I ascertained that my limbs were uninjured by the unceremonious fashion in which the railway officials had 'assisted' me to my seat, than I discovered that the only other tenant of the compartment in which I was ensconced was a young lady, and one, moreover, of no small beauty. Now, I am a shy man as far as the fair sex is concerned. Among men, I have self-possession enough and to spare; but in the presence of ladies, that self-possession vanishes with most uncalled-for rapidity. In the presence of ladies, yes; but here there was but one, who was bound to keep me company for a whole hour until the train should make its first stop. So it happened that, as I contemplated the charms of my vis-à-vis from behind the evening paper, which I had found time to buy on my flight to the station, a measure of my courage returned, and in the inspiring words of Mr Gilbert, said I to myself: 'I'll take heart and make a start; faint heart never won fair lady.'

'I trust you were not alarmed by my unceremonious entry?' I remarked, with some inward misgivings, but much outward assurance.

For answer, a quiet stare and a slight contraction of the pretty mouth of my companion—indicating her opinion that, as a stranger and unacquainted, I had no right to speak to her.

This to an ordinary male animal was the moment for strategic attack upon the fair one's scruples; for me it was the exact opposite—the moment for flight, had flight been possible. Ostrich-like, I buried my face behind my newspaper—there being no sand available—and in a few moments heard, to my relief, a corresponding rustle from the opposite side of the carriage as my pretty prude followed suit. The sense of defeat and disgrace fairly overwhelmed me for a while, and my eyes wandered over the paper I held in my hand, seeing but understanding not what they saw. At length they lighted upon a familiar name, 'Chippy Watson,' and their owner recovered his senses and almost forgot his grief as he read the following lines: 'The Burtown Murder—Escape of the Prisoner.' After detailing the incidents of the hearing before the magistrates and the remand of the prisoner, pending the inquest, the paragraph went on as follows: 'On leaving the court, Watson was conducted between four officers to the van. Just as he was stepping in, and when the policemen were endeavouring to keep back the crowd that pressed round, the prisoner suddenly snapped his handcuffs, in some inexplicable manner, and knocking down the constables who threw themselves upon him, broke through the bystanders and fled down the street. The whole affair took place as it seemed in a second. One minute, and Watson, rigorously guarded, was quietly walking into the van in the midst of the officers; the next, and he was free, tearing down the street with the police and the populace at his heels. He was seen to dodge down a back alley, known as Shut Lane, and followed by the crowd of several hundreds. At the end of Shut Lane he disappeared round a corner, and, strange to say, has not been seen again. There can be no doubt that he will be

recaptured; but his present escape and disappearance are most mysterious. We understand that the fellow possesses singular strength and agility; but none the less, it will be a standing disgrace to our police authorities that a prisoner should thus, in broad daylight and in the midst of a crowded thoroughfare, effect his escape from the very hands of justice. A reward of one hundred pounds has been offered for his re-apprehension. Watson is about five feet nine inches in height, strongly built, and when he escaped was dressed in a gray fustian suit, with a red scarf and soft hat. He may further be distinguished by a scar across his chin, and by having an arrow tattooed on the back of his left hand.

This was about the extent of the information contained in the paragraph, and my readers will agree with me that the news was sufficiently exciting to occupy my thoughts to the complete exclusion of the unpleasing experience I had just passed through. As I lay back in my seat to muse upon what I had read, my thoughts began after a while to wander and my head to nod, according to their wont at midnight, and before long I fell asleep. How long I slept I cannot tell—probably for a few minutes only—but in those few minutes I underwent a most discomfiting dream. I dreamt that Chippy Watson stood over me, mallet in hand, and that my travelling companion was holding his arm, to avert the threatened blow. She struggled in vain, and the mallet fell—yet with a strangely light touch—upon my arm. With a start, I awoke, and then saw the girl of my dream bending towards me with a scrap of paper in her hand. But her face, how terribly was it changed! Instead of the dainty pink flush I had last seen, there was a ghastly whiteness in her cheeks, and her eyes seemed starting from her head with terror. Holding up one finger, as if to command silence, she passed me the paper, on which were written the following words: 'Some one is underneath the seat, and has just touched me.'

Was it the dream which filled me with the thought that this was no idle alarm? I cannot tell; but this much I know, that in an instant there flashed across my mind with overwhelming force the thought of the escaped wife-murderer.

Returning my companion's silence-signal by a gesture of acquiescence, I wrote upon the paper: 'It is probably only a dog. Shall I look under the seat?'

Her answer was short and to the point: 'No; do not look. It was a hand.'

Here, then, was a sufficient dilemma; but by comparison with what had passed before between my fellow-passenger and myself, it was a dilemma that I felt almost disposed to welcome. The male sex in my person was about to assume its rightful position of protector to its weaker, if would-be independent companion. Sweet was my revenge; and yet, the revenge scarcely promised to be wholly pleasurable.

My first action was to remove any suspicion that there might be in the mind of the mysterious third occupant of our carriage, through the presumably accidental action of having touched the lady's dress. Giving vent to an audible yawn, as though I had just awakened from sleep, I remarked, in a tone of cool imperti-

nence: 'You really must excuse me for addressing you again, madam; but will you permit me to smoke, to enliven this tedious journey?' As I spoke, I accompanied my words by a meaningful glance, and was favoured with the reply: 'Certainly, if you wish it; I cannot prevent you.'

Thereupon, I produced my pipe and tobacco-pouch and proceeded slowly to fill the former, as I thought out the plan of action. On reference to my watch, I saw that the train would stop in another ten minutes. Clearly, the only thing to do was to wait till we reached Blackley, and there get assistance to find out who our unknown travelling companion might be.

The longer I pondered over the problem, the more curious for its solution did I become, and then, heedless of the warning I had received, I struck a match and intentionally dropped it. Stooping down with a muttered malediction to pick it up, I cast a searching glance underneath the opposite seat, and then my blood ran cold, as the faint gleam of the taper revealed the back of a man's hand with the mark of a tattooed arrow upon it. Chippy Watson, then, was our companion—a doomed and desperate man!

By a mighty effort, I controlled my voice sufficiently to say: 'Excuse me reaching across you, madam, but that was my last match, and I could not afford to let it go out.'

The girl, into whose white cheeks the colour showed no trace of returning, murmured some unintelligible reply, and for a few moments we sat in silence. Again I looked at my watch. Thank heaven! in five minutes we should be at Blackley, and the awful ride would be at an end. Scarcely had the thought formulated itself, when the girl opposite me sprang up, trembling like a leaf, and shrieked, ere I could stop her: 'Oh, the hand has touched my foot again.'

The moment the words left her lips, I heard a sudden movement under the seat, and quicker than thought, a figure appeared upon the floor. In that moment I flung myself upon the ruffian and clutched his throat with the energy of despair, knowing that should he once gain his feet, it was all over with me, the lighter and weaker man. Can I ever forget the horror of that five minutes' ride? The whole compartment seemed to be falling upon me. Teeth, nails, feet, all were attacking me at once; but through all I kept my grip upon the murderer's throat, and though I streamed with blood, and almost lost consciousness, still held on, while the girl's screams rang dimly through my ears. Suddenly the train stopped; the struggle ceased; and I fainted across the body of my captive.

When I recovered consciousness at length, I found myself lying upon a table in the Blackley Station waiting-room, with a sympathetic crowd around me, and, best of all, I saw a face bending tenderly over me, the face of the girl of my dream and my discomfiture. After making two or three efforts, I managed to ask: 'Where is Watson?'

'Very nigh dead,' replied a ruddy-faced farmer who stood beside me. 'You three-quarters strangled the life out of his ugly body; he was black in the face when they lifted you off him.'

'Do you know that he is an escaped wife-murderer?' I inquired feebly.

'Yes, we know,' responded my honest friend.

'The Burton police telegraphed after the train to have it searched, because a man answering his description had been seen in the station before it left. The police have got him safe, my lad, this time, and no mistake.—Why, I saw him handcuffed and his arms pinioned behind him, and he a-lying half dead the while, after the throttling as you gave him.'

Do my readers want to hear the rest of my story, now that the catastrophe is told? If so, I will inform them that Watson, on breaking loose from the police, after turning the corner of Shut Lane—where it will be remembered he disappeared—contrived, by an almost incredible effort, to scale a high wall, and so gain the shelter of a railway embankment. Along this he crept until he reached the mid-town tunnel, where he had lurked all day, until, late in the evening, he crept into the station, and contrived to secrete himself in a carriage of the midnight mail, with the results before mentioned.

There is one more incident in close connection with that journey to be told; it is this, that there will be a marriage early this spring. The name of the bridegroom will be Knightly; the name of the bride does not matter. She was never formally introduced to her future lord and master, and therefore it is surely unnecessary to tell the name she will soon cease to bear, to a passing acquaintance like the reader.

THE JUNGFAU DISASTER.

THERE is scarcely a lovelier sight in all Switzerland than the Jungfrau—the Maiden Queen of the Oberland—as she is seen from Interlaken framed in the wild grandeur of the Lauterbrunnen valley, with her mantle of snow and her dazzling glacier-slopes, thrown into still greater contrast by the black rocks on either side. It is a sight which fills the traveller with enthusiastic admiration, and enables him to realise fully the wild intoxication of the mountaineer who willingly confronts every danger—even death itself—to gain the glorious summit.

There is always to be found, even among experienced mountaineers, a certain class of men who deery the services of a guide, thinking that the glory is greater if, unaided, they can scale the higher Swiss mountains; and to this class the Swiss tourists who attempted the ascent of the Jungfrau undoubtedly belonged. The terrible sequel to their rashness may perhaps cool the spirit of bravado in others who would have done likewise had they been successful. In the *Visitors' Book* of the *Hotel Staubbach* at Lauterbrunnen are six names, surrounded with a black line, and in the margin appears the sad epitaph:

'Overwhelmed on the Jungfrau, July 15: recovered, July 21, 1887.' The names are as follows:

DOCTEUR A. WETTSTEIN, de Küssnacht, membre du Club Alpin-suisse. GODEFROI KUHN, de Glarus, membre du Club Alpin-suisse. H. WETTSTEIN; CHARLES ZIEGLER; W. BAER; GUSTAVE BIEDER.

All were hardy men and skilled mountaineers, two of them being members of the Swiss Alpine Club. On Wednesday, July 13, they

arrived at the *Hotel Staubbach*, and passed the night there; but although repeatedly questioned, they persistently refused to reveal their plans. It was evident that they intended to make the ascent of one of the mountains which surround Lauterbrunnen, for they came equipped with Alpenstocks, ice-axes, and ropes for the purpose. As they approached the hotel, the usual crowd of guides had beset them, offering their services; but they had refused all assistance, and had plainly determined to keep even their destination a secret. It was in vain that M. d'Allmen, the proprietor of the hotel—himself a member of the Alpine Club—had pressed them: to all his inquiries, they merely returned evasive replies.

On Thursday, July 14, they left the *Hotel Staubbach* at one o'clock in the afternoon, carrying provisions with them. For some distance they were accompanied by a guide, with whom they had entered into conversation at the hotel; and on his return he informed M. d'Allmen that they had determined to make the ascent of the Jungfrau. M. d'Allmen himself had already arrived at the same conclusion, for he knew that they had telegraphed to the Eggishorn ordering wood and provisions to be brought on Friday evening to the Concordia Hut, which is situated between the Jungfrau glacier and the glacier of Aletsch. Upon the guide's return, there was no longer any doubt that their intention was to attempt the Jungfrau, and afterwards, probably, some still more difficult peak, such as the Finster-Aarhorn or the Viescherhorn.

M. d'Allmen's fears were at once aroused, for to attempt such a dangerous climb without a guide is little short of madness, even for the cleverest mountaineer with iron muscles and the strongest head. Nothing but a life spent on the mountains can give the necessary experience, which consists not only of a knowledge of the different routes, but also of the crevasses, the movements of the glacier, the spots exposed to avalanches at each season of the year, the firmness of the snow bridges, and the different points of shelter in case of a storm.

Leaving Lauterbrunnen on Thursday afternoon, Doctor Wettstein and his party reached the Roththal the same evening; and on Friday morning, July 15, they started again on their way in splendid weather. From the Club Hut on the Roththal to the summit of the Jungfrau the ascent is made along the rocks in six hours. This route, which is by far the best, has only lately been discovered: the first ascent was made by M. Frédéric d'Allmen with six guides in September 1885. The ascent from Grindelwald occupies eleven hours: six to the hut on the Moire above the Little Scheideck, and five from the hut to the summit. The way runs over the Guggi Glacier, the Jungfrau-Firn, and the Roththal-Sattel, and has the disadvantage of crossing several enormous crevasses. The same obstacles are encountered on the route from the Bergli, which is an eight hours' walk from Grindelwald, and six from the Jungfrau. The third route crosses the Eggishorn, reaches the Concordia Hut in six hours, and the summit is gained across the glacier in seven hours more. To ascend by these three routes, it is necessary to scale the Roththal-Sattel, a peak twelve thousand feet high.

Starting from the Rothhal on Friday morning, the unfortunate party must have reached the Jungfrau towards midday. About that time, a terrific storm, the most violent of the season, broke over the mountain, and a fierce gale sprang up from the south-east. The uneasiness at Lauterbrunnen increased as the storm continued; and on Saturday morning (July 16), the weather being still rainy, the proprietor of the *Staubach* telegraphed to the Eggishorn to inquire whether the party had been able to reach the Concordia Hut. A reply in the negative augmented his anxiety. The same evening he despatched a second telegram, and received a more detailed reply. The porters had arrived at the hut on Friday evening with the wood and provisions, and had descended again on Saturday afternoon without encountering any one. The next day (Sunday, July 17), although the storm had scarcely abated, seven guides from Lauterbrunnen determined to start in search of the missing party. They passed the night on the Rothhal, after a fatiguing climb of seven hours, and returned in the afternoon of the following day. Despite their repeated and plucky attempts, their search was unsuccessful: the mist and the wind had prevented them from reaching the Jungfrau. A second search-party, consisting, with one exception, of the same men, was organised on Tuesday, July 19. They ascended the Rothhal, and again attempted to reach the Jungfrau. The storm drove them back once more; but, with indomitable pluck, they returned to the Rothhal, whither provisions had been sent for their use. At length, on Thursday, July 21, the weather brightened. They resumed their search; and about nine o'clock in the morning, so clear was the atmosphere that they could be distinguished upon the summit from Lauterbrunnen with the naked eye. A quarter of an hour before, they discovered the debris of a meal beneath a mass of rock in the direction of the Rothhal. It was evident that the ill-fated party had stopped there on the 15th to take some food in a spot sheltered from the storm. On reaching the summit, the guides observed several men upon the Jungfrau-Firn, who made signs to them to wait their arrival. They proved to be three members of a search-party organised by Madame Wettstein, who had despatched two parties, one from Grindelwald, and the other from the Eggishorn, to scour the glaciers in every direction.

From the other side of the mountain, an Englishman, accompanied by two guides, had on his own account attempted the ascent by the Bergli to search for the missing men. He reached the Rothhal-Sattel, and in a short time, at a height of about eleven thousand feet, between the Jungfrau and the Trugberg, he observed upon the great glacier first one Alpenstock upright in the snow, and a few paces beyond, a second. Descending a precipitous slope, he reached the spot, two thousand feet below the top of the Jungfrau, and there, lying side by side, still encircled by the rope, which was broken in several places, he discovered the six bodies. Their faces bore no trace of suffering, though their bones had been broken by their terrible fall. Whether they had been struck by the lightning, or carried off their feet by the wind, or whether—as seems most probable—they had been swept down by

the slipping of a mass of softened snow, it was impossible to determine; all that could be seen was that they must have fallen from a height of nearly one thousand feet. A battered watch found upon one of the bodies had stopped at a quarter to six, proving beyond doubt—as the cold renders it impossible to pass the night on the mountain—that the accident had happened in the afternoon of Friday, July 15.

The news of the discovery was rapidly conveyed by the guides to their comrades already at the summit; and then the whole party left the glacier valley, and descended with all possible speed to Lauterbrunnen, accomplishing the distance with unparalleled rapidity in five hours. On Saturday, July 23, twenty-two guides from Grindelwald and the Eggishorn ascended once more, and placing the bodies on sledges, brought them over the Aletsch glacier to Fieschi. From Fieschi they were transported, one to Berne, and the five others to Zurich; and the whole population of both towns testified to their sorrow at the sad end of their compatriots by following them to the grave.

LETTERS.

Such a little thing—a letter,
Yet so much it may contain;
Written thoughts and mute expressions,
Full of pleasure, fraught with pain.

When our hearts are sad at parting,
Comes a gleam of comfort bright
In the mutual promise given:
‘We will not forget to write.’

Plans and doings of the absent,
Scraps of news we like to hear,
All remind us, e’en though distant,
Kind remembrance keeps us near.

Yet sometimes a single letter
Turns the sunshine into shade;
Chills our efforts, clouds our prospects,
Blights our hopes, and makes them fade.

Messengers of joy or sorrow,
Life or death, success, despair,
Bearers of affection’s wishes,
Greeting kind or loving prayer

Prayer or greeting, were we present,
Would be felt but half-unsaid;
We can write, because our letters—
Not our faces—will be read.

Who has not some treasured letters,
Fragments choice of others’ lives;
Relics, some, of friends departed,
Friends whose memory still survives?

Touched by neither time nor distance,
Will these words unspoken last;
Voiceless whispers of the present,
Silent echoes of the past!

IRIS.

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